

He shall not heare thee, or from *Caesars Campe*,
Say I am none of thine.

Ant. What sayest thou?

Sold. Sir he is with *Caesar*.

Eros. Sir, his Chests and Treasure he has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sol. Most certaine.

Ant. Go *Eros*, send his Treasure after, do it,

Detaine no lot I charge thee: write to him,

(I will subscribe) gentle adieu's, and greetings;

Say, that I wish he neuer finde more cause

To change a Master. Oh my Fortunes haue

Corrupted honest men. Dispatch *Enobarbus*. *Exit*

Flourish. Enter *Agrippa*, *Caesar*, with *Enobarbus*,
and *Dollabella*.

Ces. Go forth *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:

Our will is *Anthony* be tooke aliue:

Make it so knowne.

Agrip. *Caesar*, I shall.

Cesar. The time of vniuersall peace is neere:

Proue this a prosp'rous day, the three nook'd world

Shall beare the Olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. *Anthony* is come into the Field.

Ces. Go charge *Agrippa*,

Plant those that haue revolted in the Vant,

That *Anthony* may seeme to spend his Fury

Vpon himselfe. *Exeunt*

Enob. *Alexas* did reuolt, and went to *Leury* on

Affaires of *Anthony*, there did disswade

Great *Herod* to incline him selfe to *Caesar*,

And leaue his Master *Anthony*. For this paines,

Caesar hath hang'd him: *Camindus* and the rest

That fell away, haue entertainment, but

No honourable trust; I haue done ill,

Of which I do accuse my selfe so sorely,

That I will ioy no mote.

Enter a Soldier of *Caesars*.

Sol. *Enobarbus*, *Anthony*

Hath after thee sent all thy Treasure, with

His Bounty ouer-plus. The Messenger

Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now

Vnloading of his Mules.

Eno. I giue it you.

Sol. Mocke not *Enobarbus*,

I tell you true: Best you fast the bringer

Out of the hoast, I must attend mine Office,

Or would haue done't my selfe. Your Emperor

Continues still a Loue. *Exit*

Enob. I am alone the Villaine of the earth,

And feele I am so most. Oh *Anthony*,

Thou Mine of Bounty, how would'st thou haue payed

My better seruice, when my torpitude

Thou dost so Crowne with Gold. This blowes my hart,

If swift thought breake it not: a swifter meane

Shall out-strike thought, but thought will doo't. I feele

I fight against thee: No I will go seeke

Some Ditch, wherein to dye: the soult best fits

My latter part of life. *Exit*

Alarum, Drummies and Trumpets.

Enter *Agrippa*.

Agrip. Retire, we haue engag'd our selues too farre:

Caesar himselfe ha's worke, and our oppression

Exceeds what we expected. *Exit*

Alarums.

Enter *Anthony*, and *Scarrus* wounded.

Scar. O my braue Emperor, this is fought indeed,

Had we done so at first, we had drouen them home

With clowts about their heads. *Far off.*

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound heere that was like a T,

But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retyre.

Scar. Wee'l beat 'em into Bench-holes, I haue yet

Roome for six scotches more. *Exit*

Enter *Eros*.

Eros. They are beaten Sir, and our aduantage serues

For a faire victory.

Scar. Let vs score their backs,

And snatch 'em vp, as we take Hares behinde,

'Tis sport to maul a Runner.

Ant. I will reward thee

Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold

For thy good valour. Come thee on,

Scar. Ile halt after. *Exeunt*

Alarum. Enter *Anthony* againe in a March.
Scarrus, with others.

Ant. We haue beate him to his Campe: Runne one

Before, & let the Queen know of our guests: to morrow

Before the Sun shall see's, wee'll spill the blood

That he's to day escap'd. I thanke you all,

For doughty handed are you, and haue fought

Not as you seru'd the Cause, but as't had bene

Each mans like mine: you haue shewne all *Helors*,

Enter the City, clip your Wiues, your Friends,

Tell them your feats, whilst they with ioyfull teares

Wash the congealement from your wounds, and kisse

The Honour'd-gashes whole.

Enter *Cleopatra*.

Giue me thy hand,

To this great Faery, Ile commend thy acts,

Make her thanke thee blisse thee. Oh thou day o'th' world,

Chaine mine arm'd necke, leape thou, Attyre and all

Through proofe of Harneesse to my heart, and there

Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of Lords.

Oh infinite Vertue, coman't thou smiling from?

The worlds great snare vncaught.

Ant. Mine Nightingale,

We haue beate them to their Beds,

What Gyrle, though gray

Do something mingle with our yonger brow, yet ha we

A Braine that nourishes our Nerues, and can

Get gale for gale of youth. Behold this man,

Commend vnto his Lippes thy sauouring hand,

Kisse it my Warriour: He hath fought to day,

As if a God in hate of Mankinde, had

Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. Ile giue thee Friend

An Armour all of Gold: it was a Kings.

Ant. He has deseru'd it, were it Carbunkled

Like holy Phœbus Carre. Giue me thy hand,

Through Alexandria make a iolly March,

Beare our backt Targets, like the men that owe them.

Had our great Pallace the capacity

To Campe this hoast, we all would sup together,

And drinke Carowies to the next dayes Fate

Which

Which promises Royall perill, Trumpeters
With brazen dinne blast you the Citties eare,
Make mingle with our ratling Tabourines,
That heauen and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Centurie, and his Company, *Enobarbus* follows.

Cent. If we be not releu'd within this houre,
We must returne to th' Court of Guard: the night
Is shyny, and they say, we shall embattaile
By th' second houre i'th' Morne.

Watch. This last day was a shrew'd one too's.

Enob. Oh beate me witnesse night.

2. What man is this?

1. Stand close, and list him.

Enob. Be witnesse to me (O thou blessed Moone)

When men reuolted shall vpon Record

Beare hatefull memory: poore *Enobarbus* did

Before thy face repent.

Cent. *Enobarbus*?

2. Peace: Heake further.

Enob. Oh Soueraigne Mistris of true Melancholly,

The poysonous dampe of night dispuinge vpon me,

That Life, a very Rebell to my will,

May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart

Against the flint and hardnesse of my fault,

Which being dried with greefe, will breake to powder,

And finishe all foule thoughts. Oh *Anthony*,

Nobler then my reuolt is Infamous,

Forgiue me in thine owne particular,

But let the world ranke me in Register

A Master leauer, and a fugitiue:

Oh *Anthony*! Oh *Anthony*!

1. Let's speake to him.

Cent. Let's heare him, for the things he speaks

May concerne *Caesar*.

2. Let's do so, but he sleepe.

Cent. Swoonds rather, for so bad a Prayer as his

Was neuer yet for sleepe.

1. Go we to him.

2. Awake sir, awake, speake to vs.

1. Heare you sir?

Cent. The hand of death hath raught him.

Drummies as farre off.

Heake the Drummies demurely wake the sleepers:

Let vs beare him to th' Court of Guard: he is of note:

Our houre is fully out.

2. Come on then, he may recouer yet. *Exeunt*

Enter *Anthony* and *Scarrus*, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to day by Sea,

We please them not by Land.

Scar. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i'th' Fire, or i'th' Ayte,

Wee'd fight there too. But this it is, our Foote

Vpon the hilles adioyning to the City

Shall stay with vs. Order for Sea is giuen,

They haue put forth the Hauens:

Where their appointment we may best discouer,

And looke on their endeour. *Exeunt*

Enter *Caesar*, and his Army.

Ces. But being charg'd, we will be still by Land,

Which as I tak't we shall, for his best force

Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales,

And hold our best aduantage.

Alarum as farre off, as at a Sea-fight.

Enter *Anthony*, and *Scarrus*.

Ant. Yet they are not ioyn'd:

Where yon'd Pine does stand, I shall discouer all.

Ile bring thee word straight, how 'tis like to go. *Exit.*

Scar. Swallowes haue built

In *Cleopatra*'s Sailes their nests. The Auguries

Say, they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly,

And dare not speake their knowledge. *Anthony*,

Is valiant, and deic'd, and by starts

His fretted Fortunes giue him hope and feare

Of what he has, and has not.

Enter *Anthony*.

Ant. All is lost:

This fowle Egyptian hath betrayed me:

My Fleete hath yeelded to the Foe, and yonder

They cast their Caps vp, and Carowse together

Like Friends long lost. Triple-turn'd Whore, 'tis thou

Hast sold me to this Nouice, and my heart

Makes onely Warres on thee. Bid them all flye:

For when I am reueng'd vpon my Charme,

I haue done all. Bid them all flye, be gone.

Oh Sunne, thy vprise shall I see no more,

Fortune, and *Anthony* part heere, euen heere

Do we shake hands? All come to this? The hearts

That pannelled me at heeles, to whom I gaue

Their wishes, do dis-Candie, melt their sweets

On blossoming *Caesar*: And this Pine is barkt,

That ouer-top'd them all. Betray'd I am.

Oh this false Soule of Egypt! this graue Charme,

Whose eye beckt forth my Wars, & cal'd them home:

Whose Bosome was my Crowne, my chiefe end,

Like a right Gypsie, hath at fast and loose

Beguild me, to the very heart of losse.

What *Eros*, *Eros*?

Enter *Cleopatra*.

Ah, thou Spell! Auaunt.

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd against his Loue?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall giue thee thy deseruing,

And blemish *Caesar*'s Triumph. Let him take thee,

And hoist thee vp to the shouting Plebeians,

Follow his Chariot, like the greatest spot

Of all thy Sex. Most Monster-like be shewne

For poor'st Diminutives, for Dolts, and let

Patient *Octavia*, plough thy visage vp

With her prepared nailes. *Exit Cleopatra.*

'Tis well th'art gone,

If it be well to liue. But better 'twere

Thou fell'st into my furie, for one death

Might haue preuented many. *Eros*, hoa?

The shirt of *Nessus* is vpon me, teach me

Alcides, thou mine Ancestor, thy rage.

Let me lodge *Lycas* on the hornes o'th' Moone,

And with those hands that graspt the heauiest Club,

Subdue my worthiest selfe: The Witch shall die,

To the young Roman Boy she hath sold me, and I fall

Vnder this plot: She dyes for't. *Eros* hoa? *Exit.*

Enter *Cleopatra*, *Charmian*, *Iras*, *Mardian*.

Cleo. Helpe me my women: Oh hee's more mad

Then *Telamon* for his Shield, the Boare of *Theffaly*